

The Tragicall

Vpon his party for the gaine there of,
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeepe I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my masters heires in true disent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde,

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:

I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a Fort-night make me elder,
Ile send some packing that yet thinke not one it.

Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doo
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they doe and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you so vnprouided?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may leste one, but by the holy Roode,
I doe not like these seuerall counsels I.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as, I am?

Stan. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

And

of Richard the Third.

And indeede had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecaft,
This suddain scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my Lord shall we to the Tower?

Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day thote men you talke of are beheaded.

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accused them weare their hats:
Bat come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L., Stanley, & Cat.*

Hast. Go you before Ile follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Pursuant.

Hast. Well met *Hastings*, how goes the world with thee?

Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask?

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now wee meete.

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the Queenes alies:

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those enemyes are put to death,

And I in better state then euer I was.

Pur. God told it to your Honours good content.

Hast. Grainercy *Hastings*, hold spend thou that.

He giues him his purse.

Pur. God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

Hast. What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

Enter Buckingham. (in his eare,

Buc. How now Lord *Chamberlaine*, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Priest. *(priest.*
Your Honour hath no struiuing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:

What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,

I shall returne before your Lordship thence,

Hast. Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.

Buc. And supper too although too knowest it not:

Come